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Foresight

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Foresight

By Luke Jungermann

Tim was driving home when he saw the future. He saw the red light that he'd run through and the semi-truck that would rip him and his car from existence. Policemen, firemen, and paramedics would all arrive, but there would be no point. Tim would end up having very little resemblance to a human body.

His daughter would arrive last, to the hospital morgue, all the way from New York to claim his misshapen form. Why did she come? Why is she crying? She would still have fresh needle marks on her arms and dark circles under her late mother's eyes. There would be a funeral, simple and brief. The minister would accurately sum up Tim's life and accomplishments in a few short sentences. His daughter would be there in black jeans and jacket and would hardly ever take her eyes off his casket. She would go back to New York afterwards, to her basement room that smelled of stale cigarettes. She would hold her needles and cry but never use them.

Instead, she'd throw them out, down the storm drain outside her door.

Tim saw her at the rehab center, at the church meetings, at the night classes, and at the small graduation ceremony. He saw her at his grave, all grown up in her new yellow dress, with tear-coated cheeks and shoulders heavy with remorse but eyes full of hope.

"I'm sorry," she'd say.

Tim smiled.

And when he came to the red light, he didn't stop.

UNTITLED
ACRYLIC
CICI NIENHUIS

